

# Never weather-beaten saile

Thomas Campion, *Two Bookes of Ayres*  
The first Booke, No XI, 1619 (?)

Cantus

1. Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten saile more wil - ling bent to  
Ne - ver ty - red pil - grims limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber

Altus

2. E - ver - bloo - ming are the ioyes of Heav'ns high pa - ra -  
Cold age deafes not there our eares nor va - pour dims our

Tenor

8 1. Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten saile more wil - ling bent to  
Ne - ver ty - red pil - grims limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber

Bassus

2. E - ver - bloo - ming are the ioyes of Heav'ns high pa - ra -  
Cold age deafes not there our eares nor va - pour dims our

Lute

a	a	a	a
c	b	b	b
c	c	c	c
c	e	a	e

1. shore, Then my wea - ry spright now longs to flye out of my  
more;

2. dice, Glo - ry there the sun out - shines, whose beames the bles - sed  
eyes;

8 1. shore, Then my wea - ry spright now longs to flye out of my  
more;

2. dice, Glo - ry there the sun out - shines, whose beames the bles - sed  
eyes;

a	a	a	a
c	c	a	e
c	b	c	b
a	e	c	c

1. trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

2. o - nely see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

8 1. trou - bled brest. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

2. o - nely see. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

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a	a	a	c	c	a	a	a	a
b	c	b	c	c	b	c	c	b
		c			a			c
			c			e	a	

1. O come quick - ly swee - test Lord, and take my soule to rest.

2. O come quick - ly, glo - rious Lord and raise my spright to thee.

8 1. O come quick - ly swee - test Lord, and take my soule to rest.

2. O come quick - ly, glo - rious Lord and raise my spright to thee.

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

a	a	c	a	a	c	a	a	a
c	c	c	a	c	c	b	c	a
c		b	c	c	c	b	c	b
e		c	a	a	c	e	c	
	c		e	c	a			a